THE EXAMINER.

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THE POLITICAL EXAMINER.

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few. POPE.

No. 507.

CHRISTMAS AND OTHER OLD NATIONAL MERRY-MAKINGS CONSIDERED, WITH REFERENCE TO THE NATURE OF THE AGE, AND TO THE DESIRABLENESS OF THEIR REVIVAL.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

CHRISTMAS DAY has now passed; but there is New Year's Day to come yet, and Twelfth Day; and our readers, we trust, are aware, that not only these days, but all the rest inclusive, are, or ought to be, Christmas, and kept as such. "Frolick the full twelve holidays," says a writer quoted in our last (ROBERT HERRICK), who was the very Robin Goodfellow of poets. This was the custom of our ancestors at the greatest as well as most chearful period of English history; and as we have now ceased to take an infinite number of dullnesses and common-places on trust, and are beginning to look at home again a little, let us try if we cannot discover, among other good things, that moderation in gain and mirth in enjoyment are very wise as well as very pleasant ones. The Editor has been delighted to hear, that his first article on this subject made a sensation among his readers. He has no notion, of course, that his single opinion can work any mighty change; but opinions may increase, especially as habits of thinking in other respects are shaken and make room for them; and among the readers of this paper, are to be found, he believes, many, whose example in matters of a chearful and genial taste would go a great way. Something at any rate has been done in some quarters. Some addition has been made to the green leaves and the mirth; and let us see if we cannot prolong the old music that has been struck up, and set more hearts a dancing.

Every day among our ancestors from Christmas Eve to Twelfth Day, and often till Candlemas, was more or less a repetition of the same enjoyments. At Court, and in the houses of the principal noblemen, a temporary merry officer was created, who was jocosely called the Lord of Misrule, and whose business it was to invent and manage the entertainment, and see that they were in proper spirit. In these upper circles, the inmates and visitors all repaired of a morning into the great hall to breakfast; various sports and gambols took place among high and low between that meal and dinner; the dinner was in the highest style of hospitality, with music and other household pomps; and so was the supper, before and after which there were revels, dances, or masks interspersed with singing, almost every decent person in those days being something of a singer and able to take his part in a catch or glee.

The same spirit of festivity took place among the country Gentlemen and their tenants, the particular enjoyments being of course varied according to the degree and accomplishments of the parties. Mr. DRAKE, to whose interesting compilation on SHAKSPEARE and his Times we are indebted for our immediate information on these heads, has the following extract from a tract, entitled "Round about our Coal-fire, or Christmas Entertainments."*—"An English Gentleman at the opening of the great day, i. e. on Christmas Day in the morning, had all his tenants and neighbours to enter his Hall by daybreak. The strong beer was broached, and the black jacks went plentifully about with toast, sugar, nutmeg, and good Cheshire cheese. The Hackin (the great sausage) must be boiled by daybreak, or else two young men must take the maiden (i. e. the cook) by the arms and run her round the market place till she is ashamed of her laziness.—In Christmas Holidays, the tables were all spread from the first to the last; the sirloins of beef, the minced pies, the plumb-porridge, the capons, turkeys, geese, and plumb-puddings, were all brought upon the board: every one eat heartily, and was welcome, which gave rise to the proverb, 'Tis merry in the hall, when beards wag all."—Even the smallest farmers and husbandmen vied with each other in making the season spin round plentifully and merrily. All the rustic games that could be played in winter-time, were in requisition; and Dr. DRAKE thus sums up, from TASSER's Poem on Husbandry, the country bill of fare, general and particular;—"good drinke, a blazing fire in the hall, brawne, pudding and sonse, and mustard *with all*, beef, mutton, and pork, shred or minced pies of the best, pig, veal, goose, capon, and turkey, cheese, apples, and nuts, with *jolie carols*." If some of all this plenty appears a little alarming to the weaker digestions of our times, it is to be recollected that the eaters of it were great exercisers; and that the leaping and vaulting and other sports of the country people, the hawking and hunting of the gentry, and the perpetual dancings of the Ladies, to say nothing of the archeries and the Mayings, &c. &c. completely kept off the night-mares of our sickly, in-door, and counting-house times. It was then *la nation bouquetiere*, not *boutiquiere*;—the bloom-keeping, not shop-keeping nation.

Of the customs most peculiar to Christmas, and now obsolete, may be specified the adorning the inside and outside of the houses with evergreens, the bringing-in and burning the first great log of wood with vocal and instrumental music, the carols, the telling stories round the fire-side before going to bed, the wassel-bowl, and the New Year's gifts among friends or to patrons. The wassel-bowl is easily realized; and our readers must make a point of having one to drink the revival of Merry Old England in. It was a bowl,—let us say, it is a bowl of wine or ale, or mead, or metheglin, mixed with spices, sugar, toast, and eggs, and crowned with crab or other apples roasted and tossed into it hissing hot. The reader will remember the repeated allusions in poetry to the "roasted crab," and to the "spicy nut-brown ale." This venerable piece

* See also his books of reference,—Brand's Popular Antiquities, Strutt's Sports and Pastimes of the People of England, and the Poets and other writers of the time of Elizabeth.

of jollity, which came into England with the Saxons, when the fair Rowena knelt before King Vortigern with a cup of wine, and said "Washeil" or "Health be to you," has long been superseded by less interesting cups, especially by the bowl of raisins fired with spirits, called *snap* or *flap-dragon*, which is of a much less accommodating as well as innocent description. But even the dragon, we believe, has hardly ventured to be merry of late years. There is every reason for reviving the wassel-bowl, and under that particular name. The composition of it can be varied according to the ability or taste of the maker, always provided there be spices in it, and a toast or roasted apple;—the word is the first Saxon or English word known to have been spoken; the custom is the oldest custom; and if we drink it in the spirit of our ancestors, we shall be reviving sociality indeed in it's finest shape, for in the wassel-bowl, as a writer glowing with pleasure has informed us, "was drowned every former animosity,"—an example worthy modern imitation. But we will quote the passage. "The ingenious remarker on this representation (an engraving of one of them) observes, that it is the figure of the old Wassel-Bowl, so much the delight of our hardy ancestors, who on the vigil of the New Year, never failed to assemble round the glowing hearth with their chearful neighbours, and then in the spicy Wassel-Bowl (which testified the goodness of their hearts) drowned every former animosity, an example worthy modern imitation. 'Wassel was the word; Wassel every guest returned, as he took the circling goblet from his friend, whilst song and civil mirth brought in the infant year." Brand's Observations by Ellis, vol. i. p. 3. quoted by Dr. Drake, vol. i. p. 129. Now here is an opportunity for such of our readers as reverence antiquity, enjoy mirth, and love their friends. If they have no qualms, so much the better; and if they have, they can make them up, and shew themselves worthy of having none.

We cannot also but recommend the other social custom of New Year's Gifts, not to patrons or strangers, but among intimate friends. The gift need not have one of the usual requisites of a present,—rarity,—which, by the way, is often as equivocal a piece of indispensability as not. It may be very cheap or otherwise according to the giver's ability, and to that of his friend to return it; but it should be in as good taste and as suitable as possible. All these things tend to disseminate kindness, to hinder mistakes, and to keep people from degenerating into that kind of reserve and individuality, which brutalize them before they are aware. And setting all this aside, the occasion is a most pleasant one for it's own sake. Of Twelfth Day, the ceremonies of which have lasted longest among us, and are well known, we shall say something next week.

Such were the Christmas of our ancestors, till Puritanism spoiled one half of it, and Money-getting the other. Precious personages have they been to us,—Money-getting with his stupid and overbusy-worldliness, and Puritanism and his successor Methodism with his more stupid and melancholy other-worldliness;—for in that one compound word (which we hereby recommend to the reader's use) is contained the whole secret of *such* religion. Puritanism, with his atrabilarious temperament, was the first to baulk the joy of the community, and to make them doubt whether they served a benevolent God or a tyrant:—he used other people's words; but the fact was, he raised Hell to Heaven, and made the very sun look with a threatening and sulphureous aspect. It was nothing to him who reigned in Heaven, provided he got a good place there, or he would not have attributed such monstrous qualities to his Deity; and if he frightened some better spirits into his system by dint of their constitutional weakness, the majority of his sect were made up of the most disagreeable and hard-hearted beings in existence. Money-getting was not always of his faction, though he was pretty sure to be of money-getting's. Money-getting is a less melancholy person, and here and there shews himself tolerably merry, after a fashion. But to see the world, which these two vulgar usurpers would have made for us, and have made for a considerable time past, one would think that there were no beauties and pleasures in God's creation. The former indeed is always blasphemously crying out against "the vile world," and it must be confessed takes great pains to prove his accusation; for the world is a vile world, as far as his jaundiced eyes and melancholy impressions upon others can make it. The latter does not talk much about the vile world; he thinks little concerning the matter, physically or morally:—the word *world* with him means his own occupation; he "gets on in the world,"—that is to say, he walks a mile or so to and fro every day between brick houses, working up so much mud and money; and spoils all the leisure and enjoyment of himself and his fellow-creatures by heaping up superfluous possession and rendering it necessary for others to do so,—at least as far as custom and opinion are concerned. He is "defeated by the means of the ends." A tenth part of the one would give him all the other, but he must have nine parts more, and loses both time and relish for his own object. Where are all the beauties and pleasures of the world in the mean time,—the unsmoky sunshine, the glorious prospects, the song of the birds, the song of human beings, the health, the genuine wealth? Oh he has not *time* for these! "Business must be attended to,"—that is to say, not for two or three or four or five hours, as real necessity may require, but ever and for aye. As other-worldliness undertakes to pay God the extraordinary compliment of abusing his creation, representing it as full of snares, and identifying it and it's loveliest ornaments with the devil, so worldliness instinctively shakes it's sorry skull at the very name of pleasure, making it's own abuses the measure of all utility, and shocked to think that every body else will not think with it, and enjoy as little. Doubtless those who do not act as worldliness does, will not succeed *in the same manner*; that is to say, they will get a tenth part, and enjoy nine,—not get ten parts, and enjoy none of them; but it is high time to put an end to the shallow fopperies and assumptions, that first give rise to the wretchedest abuses and even vices, and then presume to measure the uses and virtues by them;—that would make a want of ideas and pleasures the standard by which others must think and act;—and that represent a dogged, all unintellectual, and an unhappy industry, as the only rational, knowing, and healthy activity. Industry, properly so called, is no more their sort of industry, than the ceaseless beating of a pendulum's leaden head is;—it is no

more their sort of industry than poking all day long at the trunk of an apple-tree is, compared with climbing it, picking some apples, and eating them. Neither is wisdom their wisdom, nor virtue their virtue; otherwise it would be wise to be full of care, and virtuous to be full of selfishness. Their very activity is but the abuse of activity,—plodding, muddle-headed, and unhealthy. Industry, wisdom, and virtue, are things, by which, with as little trouble as Nature not Custom imposes, we procure our own and other's good. By the first, we get the real necessaries of life; by the second, we enjoy it's cheap pleasures with health and elegance; by the third, we share the pleasures with others, and help them to bear their pains.

But according to these infatuated people,—the puritanical and the money-getting,—nine parts of all this beautiful world, nay, ninety-nine parts, are of no use but to torment our forbearance or to fill our pockets with bits of metal or paper; and man is a sheep in a slaughter-house, or at best a mill-horse. Hear however what an old Christmas and May-day poet says, who felt the departing warmth of the sunny times of England, and deplored their loss. He is warning a country friend against devoting too much of his time to gain; yet observe, he does not decry a reasonable industry, with which enjoyment "sees fair play:"—

Is this a life? 'To break thy sleep?
To rise as soon as day doth peep?
And tire thy patient ox or ass
By noon, and let thy good days pass?
No; 'tis a life to have thine oil
Without extortion from thy soil;
Thy fruitful fields to yield thee grain,
Although with *some*, yet *little* pain;
To have thy mind, and nuptial bed
With fears and cares unencumbered;
This is to live, and to endear
Those minutes time has lent us here.
Then while fate's power, live thou free
As is the air that circles thee;—
Then live we mirthful while we should,
And turn the iron age to gold;
Let's feast, and frolick, sing, and play,
And thus *less last* than *live* our day.
Whose life with care is overcast,
That man's not said to *live* but *last*;
Nor is't life seventy years to tell,
But to live half the seventy well.

HERRICK.

It was after this fashion that our ancestors lived. They were industrious as well as we, but they were wiser and more virtuous, and therefore while they got enough for themselves, they enjoyed and shared their pleasures with others. They did not confound industry with a half-dreaming plodding, nor call the world a vile world except now and then in a love-song, nor find it such. They really knew and saw the world, external and internal, country and town, the fields and the heart of man. Their ideas were not circumscribed; and this made them geniuses. Their activity was divided between business and sport, and accordingly it was manly and healthy; their wisdom was various, imaginative, sprightly and profound; their virtue was sprightly also, being of the same growth and hue as their wisdom,—and it was social, unaffected, elementary, full of the kind impulses of a healthy body and of the charity of an all-observing mind. We, of the present day, call ourselves an enlightened age; first, because great numbers of us are alive to the absurdities of superstition; and, secondly, because having degenerated from our ancestors into a very bad and sophisticated way of living, we find out certain luxuries connected with it, which they did not possess. But there is reason to believe that the most liberal of our opinions on the former matters do not exceed those of SHAKSPEARE's time, certainly not his own opinions, and those of numbers of great men then living. With the worst and most melancholy diseases of superstition, the more unenlightened part of the community were not even affected to any thing like the extent of the present, indulging themselves in the young, healthier, and more poetical dreams of fairy-land, than in any other very visible species of credulity. And as to luxuries, they had poetry, dance, and song,—the fields, the rural sports, holidays, masks, and merry-makings in plenty; and no more wanted *our* luxuries, than they thought of wishing for our unhappy extremes of dull riches and shocking poverty,—for our methodism or our gin-drinkings, for our crowded smoke, our care-worn faces, our palsied and green-eyed manufacturers, our jobbing and contracting absurdities, and all they have brought upon us,—our inquisitorial taxes,—or our common-place rulers, whom the SYDNEYS and GRENVILLES, the RALEIGHS and BURLEIGHS, would have taken for dull mockers in their master's absence.—We are no more to expect that great age in real luxury, than we are in wit. Nor do we say so because the age is a past one; for we hold the present to be superior to some past ages (the latter, among others); and what is more, we think it able to catch a turn in the tide now, if it pleases, and be a great deal superior to what it is. We are speaking of those particular times,—of merry Old England; and we say, that she would no more want our luxuries, than the trees in the forest want flannel-waistcoats, or the birds want cages and indigestion. To read of the two ages, is just indeed as if all the singing birds in the world had been caught and caged up;—the one is so hale, so full of song, and so merry,—the other so dull and so drooping.

But let us not lament; let us reform. The reformation is of a very pleasant nature; and to say the truth, for our own parts, we have fallen into the complaining style unawares, it not being at all our wish to have any other than pleasant reflections on this subject, much less to excite them.

Then as you sit about the embers,
Call not to mind the fled Decembers.

Be happy, and make so. This is the sum and substance of all wisdom and virtue.

L. H.

BONAPARTE.

LETTERS FROM LAS CASAS.

I.—TO LORD SIDMOUTH.

"MY LORD,—I am extremely sorry that I have the honour to write to your Lord-ship, and know for certain that I shall not remain here long enough to receive your answer, which would, perhaps, fulfil all my wishes.

"For these four days I have been in the hands of your State Messenger, who, on his arrival here, entrusted to me my papers which had been previously sealed up, with the declaration, that

I might do with them what I thought proper. After this, he saw me constantly writing, and even encouraged me to do so, and waited till the very moment of departure, to take from me, as I was on the point of setting sail, all my papers, even the most trifling, in your name. This is a trap, my Lord, which I cannot find it in my heart to ascribe to any higher person than the man who laid it for me. This Messenger understood nothing but English. He had an assistant with him, who pretended to understand French; and desired to read the papers one after the other, and has notwithstanding kept them all. He would have had enough to do to read them all in a week, and I did not think that an individual had such a right over me. Every thing has been taken from me—letters, notes, my son's writing-books, deeds of property, domestic secrets, official documents of Sir Hudson Lowe and Lord Charles Somerset, my journals, and even a letter to the French Minister of Police, and another to my wife, which, being more at leisure, I had already dictated, that it might be forwarded as soon as I landed at Ostend. They have been taken from me without making an inventory of them, or numbering them, and they declared it was done by your Lordship's orders. In the first moment of indignation, I protested against such violence, and inquired for a Magistrate, that I might make my complaint to him. I will not here repeat the answer which I received.

"As there is nothing I so much dislike as to have my name mentioned in public discussions, and considering that it was impossible you could have prescribed such conduct, which is opposed to all the legal rules in the world, by which public officers must guard themselves against him, who in such a case might affirm that some papers had been taken away, or others substituted; considering this, I contented myself, when I recovered my temper, with trying by all possible means, and all possible arguments, to induce the messenger, who disposed of my fate, to delay my voyage till I could write to your Lordship, and receive from you the confirmation of his rigorous orders. This man, who detained me three days on the most trifling pretext, was not to be moved in respect to this affair, though it was so important. Notwithstanding all my representations, that I had not the smallest objection to have all my papers looked over by confidential persons, appointed by your Lordship for the purpose, and that your Lordship must yourself desire that certain formalities were observed in respect to me; that in the examination of my papers, my presence would be very useful, if not absolutely necessary, to give explanations respecting things that would not be understood without me; that he sent me in person to the Continent, and kept my papers in London; that it was to be feared that there was a misunderstanding, and that in 24 hours all would be cleared up; he answered me coldly, that I need not be uneasy respecting my return from the Continent, if it should be necessary, since you would pay all the expenses.

"To what hands, my Lord, have you delivered me! On another occasion, my Lord, which was certainly against your instructions, I was obliged to impose silence upon the man who guarded me, on account of his gross abuse of the August Person whom I honour above every thing in the world. In one word, my Lord, since I have touched your coast, I am treated as a malefactor. And in what does my crime consist? That I, as perhaps is believed, have a different political opinion, and went voluntarily into imprisonment at Longwood! But is not the last the most noble and excellent action that is known, and so honourable, that every one would rejoice in his heart to have given this example! My Lord, the natural mildness and justice which are attributed to you, cannot possibly have approved all that has been done to me.

"I have received permission, and have hastened to seal the papers taken from me, not to protect myself against your Lordship, but, on the contrary, for your interest, to supply the deficiency in the form, which might perhaps have compromised your agents.

"I beg your Lordship again to turn your attention to my affairs, and to decide nothing respecting my papers till you have received from me the information which you may desire, and which you shall have to your entire satisfaction. I assure you beforehand, that, however different the opinions and feelings may be that will be found in them, there is not one respecting which judicial examinations or amicable negociations could not take place. Nothing interesting will be found in them relative to affairs of State, or any political secret. I have never had any thing of the kind; and if it had been the case, I should long since have not wanted an opportunity to make use of it.

"It would perhaps be here the place, my Lord, to mention to your Lordship the papers which were taken from me at St. Helena, as well as many other things, respecting which I shall have to speak with your Lordship, or with Lord Bathurst. But the few moments I have left, and the confusion in my thoughts which such sudden and unexpected events occasion, oblige me to put it off till another time.

"I shall wait with impatience for your Lordship's answer, where, I know not, perhaps at Brussels, if I obtain permission to stop there.—I have the honour, &c.

"*Dover, Nov.* 22, 1817.

"This copy is made from memory, and some words may therefore be different from the original; but the language and the sense are certainly the same.

"Count Las Casas."

2.—LETTER TO LORD HOLLAND.

"My Lord.—I had the honour to send you a letter from the extremity of Africa, with a duplicate of it. I hope that you will pardon the feeling that dictated it to me. It drew me, though unknown, to him, who, from love of justice and greatness of soul, took up the most noble of all causes. I added to it the few documents that I had in my hands—the grievances at Longwood, my correspondence with Sir Hudson Lowe, and the sketch of a Petition to Parliament. Have you ever received these?

"The more unfortunate I become, the more does my confidence increase. The treatment I have received since I approached the English coast, and the impulse it has given to that which I have experienced on the Continent, are difficult to describe. I take the liberty to annex my letter to Lord Sidmouth on this subject. If it should happen that the newspapers, as they usually do, should misrepresent my case, and should any of those voices which continually watch over every kind of abuse and injustice be heard in Parliament, your Lordship will have the advantage of being acquainted with the whole affair.

"My Lord, I add to the copy of this letter, that of another, of which I must be proud, (the letter of recommendation from Bonaparte, already published); I would also, for the future, have rejoiced over it in silence, if it were not necessary to annihilate the lying reports of the Journals, which have spread a false opinion on the Continent. Some pretend that I left Longwood because, weary of the brutality of him from whom I parted with grief, I could not live with him any longer; others, without further particulars, say that I deserted him. The annexed letter, if it is made public, will shew the truth; it is a favour which I beg of you, unless your Lordship should see objections which I have not remarked. My Lord, they make me very unhappy—they make me a martyr; that is to say, generous hearts are made to incline to me, and their participation consoles me for all.

"It is attended with the greatest difficulties to write these few lines to you. May they come into your hands! If time allows me to present my grievances to your Ministers, you shall receive a copy of them.

"Accept the homage of my gratitude and my respect.

"Count Las Casas."

[It is to be observed that this is not translated from the French, but from a German translation.]

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

GERMANY.

Lower Elbe, Dec. 10.—The marriage of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge with the Princess Augusta, daughter to the Landgrave Frederick of Hesse Cassel, brother of the Elector, has been solemnly arranged on both sides, and the approbation required from London is already arrived. The marriage is to take place as soon as the mourning for the Princess Charlotte is over.

SPAIN.

Cadiz, Dec. 1.—The expedition preparing in this port, and which is destined for our South American Colonies, is much larger than was at first mentioned, and numerous foreign ships have been purchased, which are to form a part of it. The Russian squadron is every moment expected, and will escort them. The number of troops that are to embark is double that previously fixed upon, and several battalions from the frontiers will be employed in this service.

PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

MISS M'AVOY SHOWN TO BE A DECEIVER.

[*Concluded from last week.*]

"When once a man is determined to believe, the very absurdity of the doctrine confirms him in his faith."—Junius.

Mr. Bradbury being abroad, I have been compelled to apply to "his friend," and the following very important letter has been kindly addressed to me by this Gentleman, who forbids me to publish his name, yet permits me to disclose it to any person, who may have the curiosity to make the inquiry. Mr. Bywater, Mr. Egerton Smith, and Mr. Rushton, have frequently heard Mr. B. repeat the story:—

"In October, 1816, Mr. Bradbury, author of travels in America, accompanied by a friend, visited Miss M'Avoy. His friend had seen this young Lady several times before, and from witnessing some experiments that were tried upon her, was of opinion that she could see; but being anxious that Mr. Bradbury should also observe her, he prevailed upon him to visit her. After a few experiments, Mr. B. was so well satisfied that Miss M'Avoy could see *with her eyes*, that he ceased examining her further, and seated himself by the fire to wait until his friend was ready to depart. His friend made a few more efforts, to be convinced whether the opinion he had previously entertained was well or ill-founded, and proposed, as a final test of her powers, that she should determine, with her hand behind her back, the colour of a piece of cloth which he brought with him for that purpose.—After feeling it for a short period, and being informed that she was mistaken in the colour that she guessed it to be, Miss M'Avoy requested permission to use her other hand, which of course was instantly acceded to. After some time had elapsed, in which she was unsuccessful in her efforts to determine the colour, her mother, who was in the room, and had been engaged in affixing leather to the goggles, handed them over to Mr. B.'s friend, and asked his opinion, whether it was possible, in their amended state, for a person to see with them? He unwarily put them on him for a few moments, to ascertain the point demanded, and when he took them off, he was surprised to find that Miss M'Avoy could *then* state correctly the colour of the cloth. He shortly after took leave of her, as he was extremely desirous of learning from Mr. B. what had transpired, during the time he had incautiously put on the goggles. Mr. B. was equally anxious to communicate what he had observed during that period, in which, although apparently heedless of what was passing, he was an attentive observer. Mr. B. then related, that as soon as his friend had put on the goggles, he saw Miss M'Avoy rapidly glance at herself and his friend, and acting as from an apparent conviction of not being observed, she drew the cloth from behind her back, gazed at it quickly, and restored it to its former situation, before the goggles were removed from his friend's eyes. This fact Mr. Bradbury has related to several respectable Gentlemen, who are fully satisfied of his candour and integrity.—Liverpool, 6th November, 1817.

"*To Mr. Sandars.*"

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"I do not for a moment suppose that Dr. Renwick, or many of the other very respectable individuals who advocate the powers of Miss M'Avoy, are influenced by any considerations of interest, or by any unworthy motive whatever; and they cannot fail to admit, that it is no impeachment of their integrity to doubt the accuracy of their observation. From the testimony of physiologists in past ages, and from our own immediate experience, it is at least more easy to believe that *they* have been deceived, than that the Lady really possesses the powers ascribed to her.

"It is more easy to believe one witness who exposes the deceit, than to believe one hundred who have attested facts contrary to nature. But supposing that the testimony of the one merely neutralizes the evidence of the other, how are the pretensions of this wonderful Lady supported? By any known laws of nature? by any anomaly in those laws? by any human authority on the subject of physics? Did impiety glance at the miraculous restoration of sight recorded in Sacred Writ? It may be easier to doubt than to think; but upon a subject of this nature, it is wiser to reject evidence than to receive it; for if it be miraculous to impart the power of vision to a person blind from birth, it is surely not less miraculous to transfer the power of vision from its appropriate organ to the organ of touch, between which there is scarcely the most remote analogy, except that the perceptions peculiar to each are received through the medium of the nerves.—Such are the claims which this Lady prefers to the credulity of mankind; how they will be received by the world, it behoves herself and her adherents well to consider.

"As to the *motives* by which she may be actuated, that is a point not very important; but I firmly believe she has more "speculation in her eye" than is revealed. Her friend the Doctor, with his *ex parte* questions, unfortunately makes her confess, that "she feels gold and silver to be more pleasant than brass." The harvest of credulity is not yet ripe for gathering, but the labourers are in the field, and they sow not without hope. If Miss M'Avoy had openly taken money from the first, her credit would have been extinct long ago; there are, however, many modes of receiving and granting favours. I understand it is agreeable to the Lady to make presents of work-bags and other trifles*, for which she receives *presents in return*: this is *feeling her way* in a very sensible and expert manner; and I heartily wish she may succeed in levying a smart contribution upon the believers, before it is necessary that her vision should be restored to its legitimate organs." * * * * * * * * * * *

"I am willing to admit Dr. Renwick's plea, that he is "perfectly unacquainted" with me, as an excuse for his presuming to doubt the truth of my statement to Mr. Hughes. At first I could not reconcile it with the courteous salutations with which he always favours me; but on inquiry, I found it a mere habit, resulting from great affability and good temper. To such a man it is impossible to feel any personal hostility; and though he may not be disposed to allow *me* any skill in physiology, I am sure he will not object to the exercise or expression of my own judgment, even if it concern himself. Whether or not he may now feel "inclined to confirm or reject any statement of mine," is a question in which I do not affect to feel any great interest: what I have done has been done for truth, and not for any idle gratification.

"Before parting, a word to the faithful; it is for them to consider, whether it be not unwise, whether it be not profane, to provoke comparisons between the alleged powers of Miss M'Avoy, and miracles which have been more solemnly recorded."

* The goggles, I am told, are now in the possession of Mr. Bullock, and will probably be exhibited in his Museum; but I am not aware that there was any *exchange* of curiosities.

TUESDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

BANKRUPTCY SUPERSEDED.

H. Cooper, Brixton, Surrey, builder.

BANKRUPTS.

J. Wood, Liverpool, merchant. Attorney, Mr. Hull, Chiswell-street.

A. Bruce, J. Brown, and G. Scott, London, army-clothiers. Attornies, Messrs. Price and Williams, Old-square, Lincoln's-Inn.

H. Wylie and W. J. Richardson, Abchurch-lane, merchants. Attorney, Mr. Wright, Fenchurch-street.

T. Williams, Leadenhall-street, broker. Attorneys, Messrs. Kearsey and Spurr, Bishopsgate-street.

J. Wingfield, Long-lane, West Smithfield, saddler. Attorney, Mr. Allan, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry.

J. Shortman, Bristol, shopkeeper. Attornies, Messrs. Dax and Co. Doughty-street.

J. Richardby, Durham, joiner. Attorney, Mr. Wilson, Greville-street.

J. Travers, Newton, J. T. Ross and H. Jones, Lower Whitley, Cheshire, millers. Attornies, Messrs. Hurd and Johnson, Inner Temple.

SATURDAY'S LONDON GAZETTE.

BANKRUPTS.

G. Shiffner, St. Michael's-alley, Cornhill, insurance-broker. Attornies, Messrs. Abbott and Viveash, Mark-lane.

J. Davies, Wells, cabinet-maker. Attornies, Messrs. Sandys, Horton, and Co. Crane-court, Fleet-street.

T. Lind, Hem-Heath, Trentham, Staffordshire, carpenter. Attorney, Mr. Barbor, Fetter-lane.

W. Hitchon, St. Peter's-hill, whalebone-merchant. Attornies, Messrs. Hurd and Johnson, King's Bench-walks, Temple.

J. Elliott, Bristol, coal-factor. Attorney, Mr. Orme, Clement's Inn.

P. Mason, New Mill, Derbyshire, shopkeeper. Attornies, Messrs. Milne and Parry, Temple.

G. Watson, Hatfield, Yorkshire, butcher. Attorney, Mr. Walker, Lincoln's Inn-fields.

J. H. Henzell, South Shields, Durham, ship-owner. Attornies, Messrs. Bell and Brodrick, Bow Church-yard.

J. L. and G. Baker, Leeds, merchants. Attorney, Mr. Wilson, Greville-street, Hatton-garden.

SATURDAY—A Holiday.

THE EXAMINER.

LONDON, DECEMBER 28.

THE past week has been more than usually barren of news. The general state of things is as it has lately been, and as it cannot possibly last, people every where discontented at the broken promises of the Sovereigns, and the Sovereigns jealous and squabbling with each other, yet afraid to fight. The most curious thing is a document published by the Emperor ALEXANDER, in which, with an appearance of modesty well calculated to impose upon half-thinking egotists, and perhaps upon himself, he deprecates the praises bestowed upon him by the priests and other Russian eulogists, and requests every thing to be attributed to heaven and to the merits of the Christian faith;—that is to say, he falls into the old error, the old imaginary modesty, and real vanity and absurdity, of philosophically renouncing merit in conduct, and yet laying claim to the greater and all-saving merits of an opinion. A good Christian is a very good man; so is a good man, who is no Christian; but good men, Christians or not, whatever may be their notions of merit, theoretical or practical, do not usurp other people's property and break their promises with society;—do not cant, if but Gentlemen; or help despotism against freedom and partition afflicted countries, if Sovereigns. The world is sick of these absurdities; and it may well be, seeing in what they all terminate.

☞

The *public* Mourning for the lamented Princess CHARLOTTE terminated on Sunday, conformably to the notification of the Lord Chamberlain, in the *Gazette* of Nov. 16, 1816, that "all *Court Mournings* of a long duration shall, after the first six weeks, be worn only at Court and on Sundays."

REVENUE.—"There has been much speculation during the last fortnight amongst the speculators in the Funds. But there is no foundation for attributing this to a falling off in the Revenue, as the following statement abundantly testifies:—

Produce of the Revenue from 10th October to 26th December, 1817, with the corresponding period in 1816:—

Produce from 10th October to 26th December, 1816,	7,977,306*l.*
Produce from 10th October to 26th December, 1817,	8,588,669*l.*
Being an increase of	611,363*l.*
In the Excise duties there is an increase beyond the corresponding period last year of	£180,970
Stamps, an increase of	212,095
Incidents, an increase of	264,559
	£657,623
In the Customs there is a small decrease of	£23,260
In the Post-Office a decrease of	23,000
	46,260
Total	£611,363

"In the Account of the Produce of the Revenue for the period of 1816, is not included the receipt upon the general Article of Excise, nor the Stamp Duties for the last week, the receipt upon these branches of Revenue not having been paid into the Exchequer, on account of the holidays, till the subsequent week; therefore, from the above increase should be deducted the sum of about 320,694*l.* leaving the increase 290,669*l.*"—*Courier.*

THE PRESS.—A debate is going on, in the French House of Commons, respecting the Liberty of the Press. The *Courier* doubtless sees in the following sentiments much political wisdom:—M. JOLLIVET asserted, that "the Liberty of the Press is less necessary in a Representative Government that in any other.—"The press" he said, "is re resented as the only instrument by which truth can be made known; but the passions of men are too impetuous, to permit the press that liberty which some demand. *The real national representation is in the King;*—the legitimate inheritance of his Crown, from whence all powers and honours are derived, fixes there, with the destinies of the people. This is the primitive representation, from which all others emanate. There is the sacred depot of the sovereignty. The powers established by the Charter are only the means of that sovereignty, for the dispensation of order and justice.—We must then leave out of the question this pretended influence of the Liberty of the Press upon our representative Government, in favour of the branch called the Democratic. We must reject principles which can never return in France. By this course we may perhaps lose some commentaries upon the rights of man, but all classes of society will find their repose in it."

Her MAJESTY returned to Windsor from Bath on Monday last.—A letter from Windsor, Dec. 23, says—"Her MAJESTY remained at the Castle during the whole of this day. In the course of the morning the QUEEN visited the KING. A few days ago the KING expressed a wish to have a chair made of a peculiar shape, from an idea of feeling more ease when sitting. Mr. BANTING, the upholsterer, was directed to make a model agreeable to the instructions of the Monarch. The model was produced and explained to his MAJESTY, who gave his approval, and the chair was made. Last week this piece of furniture was sent to Windsor, placed in his MAJESTY'S apartments, and the KING expressed himself highly pleased with its construction, from the ease and comfort he experienced. I have been told that the KING missed the absence of his family, and every morning he would make the most anxious inquiries, repeatedly expressing his fears of their death. It was for this purpose of relieving his mind that the QUEEN visited him this morning. It is said that the unexpected apprisal of the QUEEN'S presence has been accompanied with much improvement in tranquillizing the KING."

Mr. Ward's Economy.—We ask, as the *Morning Chronicle* of the 18th inst. has asked before, whether the snug appointment of Ordnance Storekeeper in St. John's Wood, be still continued? The Incumbent is Mr. Benjamin Bloomfield, Uncle to the now Right Hon. Sir Benjamin Bloomfield. Perhaps the Master-General's relation, Mr. Ward, who has been upon an economical mission in Ireland, may take a ride to St. John's Wood, and look at the Storekeeper.

That Mr. Hone's parodies were not intended to ridicule the Scriptures, or the forms of our religion, is evident enough; they were political effusions, *improperly* clothed in imitations of sacred subjects, but they were not libels on religion itself. It is quite absurd to hear the Attorney-General condemn Somers, Latimer, and Luther; it is the mouse criticising the elephant, the fly finding fault with the eagle! It is quite ludicrous to read the barbarous jargon, which disgraces our Courts. When will philosophy enter the hall of strife? When will notions more liberal, principles more just, overwhelm ideas fit only for the darkest ages, when the night of ignorance covered the world? When will Courts of Law ascend to the level of society, and not disgrace society by opinions fit only for Barbarians? Will they never rise beyond the level of our Exchequer, which, with folly almost unparalleled, keeps the accounts of the revenue of a mighty empire in *notches on rods!—The Alfred.*

Sir Francis Burdett has come up from Bath,—where he has left his Lady somewhat improved in health,—on purpose to attend a Meeting of the Friends of Mr. Hone, and to give his powerful aid to the plan about to be adopted for the support of that brave and persecuted man. Mr. Waithman will preside—and several Members of Parliament, we are informed, will be present. The object of the Meeting is to consider the best means of promoting a Subscription; which will doubtless be supported by every one who values the Liberty of the Press, Trial by Jury, and Freedom of Opinion.

Athanasian Creed.—The following anecdote is from the "*Life* of the late Bishop Watson," just published:—"The late Dr. Heberden told me, that the Clergyman at Windsor, on a day when the Athanasian Creed was to be read, began with, *Whosoever will be saved, &c.*; the King, who usually responded with a loud voice, was silent. The Minister repeated, in a higher tone, his *Whosoever, &c.*: The King continued silent. At length the Apostles' Creed was repeated by the Minister, and the King followed him throughout, with a distinct and audible voice."

Will any one venture to say that the administrators of Government are more favourable to constitutional freedom and to the rights of the people now, than in the time of Lord Chatham? If not, what would that wise and patriotic Statesman, and, for once in a century, honest prime minister, have said to the present treason and sedition mongers and libel mongers, were he now alive, giving, as he did, the following opinion of the cause of actions for libel in his day:—"The matter of libel, of public libel, was generally a *political* matter; and the question whether a paper was libel or not, was not a question of *law*, but of *politics*, in which Ministers *indulged the passion of revenge*, and the *Courts of Law became their instruments of gratification.*"

They write from Switzerland, that the Clergyman of Saxlen, in Obenunterwald, attributes all the evils that disturb our planet to the toilette of our belles, and to their treacherous ornaments! In his pious zeal against them, he exclaimed from the pulpit, "I declare it to you, ye proud and light-minded women, that I abhor you; that I would rather see the gates of hell, full of the most horrible monsters, opened wide before me, than bestow one glance on a woman dressed in the fashion. But you will one day be damned, and we will then take a delight in your torments."

According to an article from the Lower Elbe, the marriage of the Duke of Cambridge with a Princess of the House of Hesse Cassel is entirely arranged.

Camelford-house is said to have been taken by that most excellent Senator and man, the Hon. Mr. Bennett, a son of the Earl of Tankerville.

For the information of Bankers, Money-changers, and dealers in what is called available paper, we think it right to state, that although Bonds, especially under a decree of Chancery, and *overdue* Bills, may be sold for any thing. This is not the case with regard to Bills that have not arrived at their maturity or period of liquidation. This important question was tried in the Court of Exchequer in July 1816. The Crown *versus* John Ridge and the Earl of Moira, when a verdict was found for the Crown; but in 1817 that verdict was set aside by the unanimous opinion of the three Barons, and a Bill of Exchange, Promissory Note, &c. (Bonds are exceptions) cannot be sold or disposed of at a rate above 5 per cent. without the parties purchasing, exchanging, &c. rendering themselves liable to the Statute of Usury.

On one occasion Lord Clonmell was so pressed both by the argument, the eloquence, and the wit of Mr. Curran, that he lost temper, and called on the Sheriffs to be ready to take any one into arrest, who would be found so contemptuously presuming to fly in the face of the Court. Mr. Curran, perceiving the twittering of a swallow actively in pursuit of flies (for, like as in Nero's court, so, in the presence of this Emperor, scarcely a fly was to be found), in his turn called the Sheriffs to take that swallow into arrest, for it was guilty of contempt, as it had contemptuously presumed *to fly in the face of the Court.* The ridicule of this, and the peals of laughter which ensued, closed the scene.—*O'Regan's Memoirs of Curran.*

Stopping at an inn one morning to breakfast, and perceiving every thing unpromising, Mr. Curran said to the waiter, "My good Sir, I regret to learn that this house has fallen back very much indeed, indeed it has; yet I remember myself cheered and refreshed by the comforts of its hospitality; it was a neat and clean retreat; but report deals unkindly with it, and it is so malicious as to say that your hens do not *lay fresh eggs.*" This alarmed the pride of the waiter, and he was determined to keep up the honour of the house, and, as Mr. Curran observed of his story, that it was not without its good effect, it was not *ab uno ad mala!—O'Regan's Memoirs of Curran.*

Economy of Fuel.—The approach of winter has suggested the propriety of making generally known the following composition, as likely to produce much public benefit, if adopted by the middle and lower classes of society. A mixture of sand, clay, and coal-dust or charcoal, or saw-dust, made with water into a moderately stiff compound, are all the materials required, and these may be obtained almost any where. The following proportions may be essayed until another more preferable may be ascertained by experiment:—

Coal, charcoal, or saw-dust, or the whole mixed together	1	parts.
Sand of any kind	2½	
Marl or clay	1½	

These parts may be pecks, bushels, or baskets, or any other measure at hand. The mass to be made into balls of a convenient size, moderately dried, and the work is accomplished. They will not answer to light a fire with; but the fire once brought to nearly a white heat, these balls will support it, be very durable, produce a heat incomparably more intense than common fuel of any kind, and increase the value of the ashes as a manure. The mud swept up in the streets of paved towns, will answer admirably in lieu of marl or clay, or with a little clay to give it adhesion, as such mud must unavoidably contain a considerable quantity of carbon.

Logic Extraordinary!—"The Renegade in America has addressed a letter to Lord Folkestone, in which he says, "I have, for many years had, and still have, a greater respect and regard for your Lordship than almost for any other man that I know in the world." If Lord Folkstone is conscious of having deserved this testimony of esteem from such a man, we have nothing to say. But if it be, as we suppose it is, a gratuitous piece of impudence on his part, is it possible to conceive a grosser libel, or a more indelible stain, upon his Lordship's character."—*Courier.*

Mr. Wilkie, the celebrated artist, has lately made a finished sketch of Mr. Walter Scott and his family. The arrangement of the figures can hardly be said to compose a story; neither is it like that of the worthy Vicar of Wakefield and his household, of whom, if we recollect aright, each individual looked stately forth in the solitude of his own imagination. This little piece, though it does not tell a tale, comprises a very pleasing and interesting groupe. The Bard himself is seated in a familiar attitude on a bank, in the exact *costume* in which he perambulates the hills and dales of his estate, viz. a short jacket, leather gaiters, and large white hat, with a dog-whistle suspended round his neck, and a huge oaken towel in his hand. Behind him, on the right, are seen Mrs. Scott, as a cottage matron, and her daughters, two young ladies rising into the bloom of life, attired as ewe-milkers; on the left is an admirable groupe, consisting of Capt. Ferguson, an early and valued friend of Mr. Scott's; Mr. Walter and Mr. Charles Scott, his sons, and a fine old rosy peasant, an appendage of the family. Mr. Scott's gigantic stag greyhound, Maida, occupies the foreground, with some less important figures.—*The Scotsman.*

Domesticated Seal.—A Gentleman in the neighbourhood of Burntisland has completely succeeded in taming one of these animals. Its singularities daily continue to attract the curiosity of strangers. It appears to possess all the sagacity of the dog, lives in its master's house, and eats from his hand. He usually takes it with him in his fishing excursions, upon which occasions it affords no small entertainment. When thrown into the water it will follow for miles the track of the boat, and although thrust back by the oars, it never relinquishes its purpose. Indeed, it struggles so hard to regain its seat, that one would imagine its fondness for its master had entirely overcome the natural predilection for its native element.

Coal Duties.—It is asserted that the present system of Coal Duties, over-sea and coastwise, are to undergo a revision, and that some modification of these duties will take place, with a view to lessen the price of this article to the inhabitants of all the districts which are supplied with coals coastwise. The improved state of the collieries at Liege, and in other parts of the Continent, render, it is said, a reduction of the Over-sea Duty necessary.

THE WINDOW TAX AND ITS DOUBLE OPERATION.

Since Men too much enlighten'd prove,
And Beggars now can read and write,
To check their course what shall we move?
Vansittart cries—"Shut out the Light!"

A double end we thus shall gain,—
As Population teems too fast—
For Typhus and Disease will reign,
And sweep off thousands in their blast.

But lest the Truth should issue forth,
The Press must too a License bear;
Or we must crush it in its birth,
And ston it as we do the air.

An Englishman.

We learn with great pleasure, that such friends to the independence of this ancient City, as connect with that healthful sentiment an ardent love for constitutional purity, general liberty, and social improvement, intend to open an active and immediate Canvass in favour of Sir Samuel Romilly, whom they propose submitting to the choice of their fellow Citizens, as an eligible representative to supply the vacancy created by the retirement of Sir John Egerton. Who, that is acquainted with the public character of Sir Samuel Romilly, will not agree with them? In a profession which holds out eternal temptation—we may say, in a special and important department, at the head of it—he has steered a noble and undeviating course; and, in the midst of the most serious and unremitting avocation, always found leisure to advocate the cause of liberty and humanity. To amend the Criminal law with a view to its noblest object—prevention.—To advance its majesty by simplifying its justice; and to meet the general ideas of all who have thought upon the subject, by lessening nominal severity and increasing real efficiency;—such has been one branch of the constant endeavours of Sir Samuel Romilly.—But this is not all, his name is to be found in every Parliamentary division on that side where all the friends of civil and religious liberty would wish to find it.—*Chester Guardian.*

ELEGY ON OUR LOST PRINCESS.

From a Copy of Verses (printed by Revnell), humbly presented to all my worthy Masters and Mistresses, of the Parish of St. Mary, Islington. By Nelson Stratton, Beadle and Bellman, for the year 1818:—

And now my drooping bell must toll
For a sweet departed soul,
One upon whose young head was set
A bright and hopeful coronet;
And, more than that, who was a wife
Leading a blest and flowery life,
And who had just lain down, and smiled,
To give her Lord and love a child,
When lo, she felt it must not be,
And altered; and both child and she
Slipp'd from him to eternity.

Sleep and Heav'n, brave heart, restore him!
For he had fair hours before him.

She should have ruled us all some days
And underneath a Lady's sway
Men prosper somehow, and shew forth
All that they have of manly worth;
Perhaps because to a fair she
Subjection's mixed with gallantry;
And she, I know, would have held dear
This merry season of the year,
For she was nothing falsely proud,
Nor inhumane; but sweetly bowed
To all kind pleasures and glad hours,
And loved the green-leaves and the flowers,
And, wanting flowers, could make her merry
With the holly and it's blithe berry:
But now she's gone, and dulled my rhyme;
And would have marr'd our Christmas time,
But that we know she's gone to live
A happier life than we could give,
With Eden fruits, and in her ears
Angel songs and harping spheres,
And a fadeless flowery bough
O'er her frank and sparkling brow,
And is more than royal now.

TO BLOSSOMS.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush, and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good night?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth,
Merely to shew your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave,
And after they have shewn their pride,
Like you a while—*they glide*
Into the grave.

ROBERT HERRICK.

NEWSPAPERS

In consequence of repeated complaints as to the irregular delivery of Newspapers in Ireland, the following orders were issued on the 24th ult. from the General Post Office in Dublin, which we recommend to the careful attention of the Postmaster-General in London:—

1st. That where a Postmaster, on opening his Mail, shall find that any PAPER which he thinks should have reached his Office, has not arrived, he will, by letter, acquaint the SECRETARY with the circumstance, and the name of the subscriber, whose paper may appear to be missing.

2d. No Paper is to be delivered but to the Subscriber, or to his messenger or servant, *known to be such.*

3d. That under no pretence, either WITH OR WITHOUT the consent of a Subscriber, shall a *deputy open and read a Newspaper,* PREVIOUS TO ITS BEING DELIVERED TO ITS OWNER, and of course, from under his official care. If Subscribers are willing that Postmasters should have the benefit of reading their Papers, it must be AFTER, not while they have official custody of them.

4th. That no deputy will, under any authority, either written or verbal, permit any Paper to be opened, and read by any PERSON, but the Subscriber to whom it is addressed. If Subscribers are willing to permit Persons to read their Paper, it must be after the Post Office has discharged its duty, in delivering it to *themselves*, or their messengers, *known to be such.* Post Offices must not be converted into Reading-rooms. Such a practice, while it must add to, if not create the very evil complained of, affords the same advantages with subscribers, to persons who thereby contribute nothing either to the Post Office, the Stamp Office, or the Editor. Deputy Postmasters must not be agents in ACTS, which have a direct tendency to injure one branch of Public Revenue, and by curtailing the circulation of Newspapers, interfere with the interests of the Press.

In the Circular upon this subject it is very properly observed, that "*A Newspaper once confided to the Post Office, is as sacred, in the eyes of the Postmaster-General, as a Letter*—and it cannot be purloined, tampered with, or abused, without violating the solemn obligation which every person entrusted with the public correspondence is bound by. Although Newspapers do not yield *postage*, their uninterrupted circulation is immediately connected with the Privilege of Parliament; and while they contribute largely to the Finances of the country, through another branch of the Revenue, the STAMP OFFICE, the Postmasters General are not unmindful that the property thus contributing to the State belongs to INDIVIDUALS, whose interest cannot be infringed upon, without lessening the Public Revenue."

CLERK OF PENTONVILLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR,—Having seen in your Paper of the 21st inst. a gross and scandalous misrepresentation of my conduct, respecting a funeral at Pentonville Chapel, on the Sunday preceding, signed "Joseph Read, 15, Pleasant-row, Pentonville," justice to myself obliges me to request that you will favour me with the insertion of the following statement, in refutation of so base a charge as it contains, viz. the extortion of money.

It is known to all the Parish Clerks within the Bills of Mortality, as one of the Rules of their Company, that no corpse from another parish (unless that parish have no searchers) shall be permitted to be buried, without a certificate from that parish, certifying that their searchers have viewed the body; who also therein report the disease of which that body died, and from whose reports the Bills of Mortality now in circulation are compiled.

This rule is well known to the Undertakers in London. In the case in question, the Undertaker, on his previous application to give orders for the grave, was *desired* to bring a certificate with him, which he *promised* to do. While the corpse was in the Chapel, I asked for the certificate, which the Undertaker not producing, I declined the severe and unpleasant part of my duty, namely, preventing the interment in the first instance; and, as what I conceived an accommodation to both the Undertaker and the family, only requested the deposit of half-a-crown, until the certificate should be sent to me—(on the candid supposition, that it had been mislaid or forgot). I received no satisfactory answer; and when I came to the grave, the Undertaker produced no certificate, and refused to leave a deposit. At this time a stranger to me, (but who, I suppose was a friend of the deceased, or of the Undertaker) offered me a three-shilling piece, which I accepted as a deposit, and, when the service was ended, declared that *whoever* brought the certificate, if it was only a *child*, the money would be returned.

Judge then, Sir, of my surprise and astonishment, while expecting this same certificate, and every day wondering why it was not sent, upon being informed of Joseph Read's letter, which appeared in your Paper of the 21st!—But, that I may not intrude too much on your columns, I will conclude with a remark or two.

From the foregoing statement, it will be evident to every impartial reader, that the Undertaker both failed in his duty, and violated his promise, in not bringing the certificate;—that if I was in error, it was in this, namely, that I offered to accept of *any* deposit for his accommodation, instead of preventing the interment, till the searchers of the parish, from whence the body was brought, had been sent for, and had performed their duty; and that Joseph Read, by taking the method he has done, of abusing your pages and the good sense of the public, by making them the vehicle of so gross a calumny, appears to have acted under the influence of ignorance and malevolence.—I am, Sir, yours very respectfully,

R. LOCKWOOD, Chapel Clerk.

Pentonville, Dec. 27, 1818.

THEATRICAL EXAMINER.

No. 307.

DRURY-LANE.

A PIECE called "*Richard Duke of York or the Contention of York and Lancaster,*" was produced here on Monday. It is "altered from SHAKSPEARE'S *Henry 6th,*" and contains almost the whole serious strength of the company; and yet somehow or other, there is very little in it to arrest the attention; and Mr. KEAN, in *Richard*, is far from making his usual impression. The general run of the actors here indeed are ill calculated to elevate the middle characters of tragedy into importance; and unfortunately all the characters in the present piece are of this description. Thus we have no impression from Mr. PENLEY's acting as the *Duke of Somerset*, but that he walked about with robes that hung ill upon him; or from Mr. BENGOUGH's, but that he was a largish old gentleman who was killed;—or from Mr. WALLACK's, but that he took up the said lusty deceased on his shoulders, and walked off with

him. There were fine passages in Mr. KEAN's *Duke of York*, but the character wants abruptness and intenseness for him. Besides, he always consents to use a great deal more declamation and common-place than is becoming a great actor; or else he really is only a great actor by fits and starts. Why does he not oftener use the same natural tone with which he begins one of his speeches in answer to *Somerset* before the King? If he thinks it would not strike, he may depend upon it he is mistaken; people do not admire a passage merely because it is unlike others, but because it is like Nature. But if he really does think so, his general greatness is indeed very doubtful; nor is there much hope that he could do it if he would. The best passage, of any continuance, was the farewell scene with his little son *Rutland*,—which was very deep, natural, and quiet. We did not admire so much the closing scene, where he stands in a dying state, and *Margaret* (a dreadful incident!) gives him the handkerchief dipped in his boy's blood, to wipe his face with. A certain monotony in it was perhaps suited to his feeble condition; but we wonder he let slip a fine opportunity of turning a familiar phrase to one of those pathetic and exalted accounts, which such phrases have in the midst of sorrow:—

> See, ruthless Queen, a wretched father's tears:
> This cloth thou dipp'st in blood of my sweet boy,
> And I—I with tears I wash the blood away.
> Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
> (He gives back the handkerchief.)
> And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
> *Upon my soul*, the hearers will shed *tears*;
> Yea, even my foe will shed fast-falling tears,
> And say—Alas, it was a piteous deed!

If Mr. KEAN had lain twice the emphasis he did upon the words in italics, it would have given them double the nature and effect.

We do not think this compilation from SHAKSPEARE will last long. In truth, it is not a good one; nor, however paradoxical the assertion may appear, is it likely that a good compilation will be ever made from the works of a great dramatist; for in proportion as his work is good, and co-herent, and finely coloured, this cutting up into piecemeals must inevitably spoil it. Imagine a selection from RAFAEL's pictures, put together into one picture; or an opera made out of scenes of different operas of MOZART, PAESIELLO, and CIMAROSA. A true painter or musician would laugh in your face at such a proposal. What would become of all the harmonies and gradations of colour,—of all the suitabilities to this or that situation or person? The absurdity is self-evident. In the piece before us, for instance, the compiler has made a strange feeble compound out of scenes and characters, which are excellent in their own places, and where they are heightened with those entire specimens, either of great strength or great weakness, with which SHAKSPEARE has set them off. But the hero of this piece is a middle character; *Warwick* is not made prominent enough to take place of him; other stout and striking characters which vary the three parts of *Henry 6th* are omitted, or could not be brought into a piece that mainly concerns the *Duke of York*; and the compiler, in abridging the part of *Henry* himself, did not see that a character of great and remarkable weakness had better have been made the prominent one at once, than the middle character just mentioned. In short, we must protest vehemently against the irreverent rashness as well as other impolicy of disjointing a great poet in this manner, putting his scattered limbs together, and sending them forth to display an awkward and unnatural vitality, upon the strength of their individual beauty and excellence. It is turning beauty to deformity, and strength to weakness. It is mocking and making nothing of the great writer (ignorantly no doubt) at the very moment when the greatest homage is pretended; it is indeed want of sentiment as well as understanding. Have compilers of this sort never heard of such a thing as context as well as text; and do they think that a poet like SHAKSPEARE puts his scenes and characters in such and such a place, and unites and modifies them in such and such a manner, for nothing? For heaven's sake, let us have no more of such anomalies. Let us see SHAKSPEARE himself, and not a degraded composition of noble limbs, with a piece besides here and there cut from other poets,—an eye from poor CHAPMAN, and a knee-pan from WEBSTER; for such also is the case with the present!

If the compiler would make us amends, let him revive some of the plays of those other great poets at once; for though he has introduced them awkwardly to us on the present occasion, his acquaintance with them does him credit; and the evident admiration of the audience at both the passages alluded to, is a good earnest that he might succeed better in that speculation than his present one.

☞

LITERARY NOTICES.

No. 37.

GODWIN'S MANDEVILLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR,—The author of *Mandeville* is one of the most illustrious examples of intellectual power in the present age. He has exhibited that variety and universality of talent which distinguishes him who is destined to inherit lasting renown from the possessors of temporary celebrity. If his claims were to be measured solely by the comprehension and accuracy of his researches into ethical and political science, still it would be difficult to name a contemporary competitor. Let us make a deduction of all those parts of his moral system which are liable to any possible controversy, and consider simply those which only to alledge is to establish, and which belong to that most important class of truths, which he that announces to mankind seems less to teach than to recall. *Political Justice* is the first moral system, explicitly founded upon the doctrine of the negativeness of rights and the positiveness of duties, an obscure feeling of which has been the basis of all the political liberty and private virtue in the world. But he is also the author of *Caleb Williams*, and if we had no other record of a mind but simply some fragment containing the conception of the character of Falkland, doubtless we should say,—"This is an extraordinary mind, and undoubtedly was capable of the very sublimest enterprises of thought." *St. Leon* and *Fleetwood* are moulded, with somewhat inferior distinctness, in the same character of an union of delicacy and power. The *Essay on Sepulchres* has all the solemnity and depth of passion which belongs to a mind that sympathises, as one man with his friend, in the interests of future ages, and in the concerns of vanished generations of mankind.

It may be said with truth, that Godwin has been treated unjustly by those of his countrymen, upon whose favour temporary distinction depends. If he had devoted his high accomplishments to flatter the selfishness of the rich, or enforce those doctrines on which the powerful depend for power, they would no doubt have rewarded him with their countenance, and he might have been more fortunate in that sunshine than Mr. MALTHUS or Dr. PALEY. But the difference would still have been as wide as that which must for ever divide notoriety from fame. Godwin has been to the present age in moral philosophy what Wordsworth is in poetry. The personal interest of the latter would probably have suffered from his pursuit of the true principles of taste in poetry, as much as all that is tem-

porary in the fame of Godwin has suffered from his daring to announce the true foundation of morals, if servility and dependance and superstition had not been too easily reconcileable with Wordsworth's species of dissent from the opinions of the great and the prevailing. It is singular, that the other nations of Europe should have anticipated in this respect the judgment of posterity, and that the name of Godwin, and that of his late illustrious and admirable wife, should be pronounced, even by those who know but little of English literature, with reverence; and that the writings of Mary Wolstonecroft should have been translated and universally read in France and Germany, long after the bigotry of faction had stifled them in our own country.

Mandeville is Godwin's last production. The interest of this novel is undoubtedly equal, in some respects superior, to that of *Caleb Williams*. Yet there is no character like Falkland, whom the author, with that sublime casuistry which is the parent of toleration and forbearance, persuades us personally to love, whilst his actions must for ever remain the theme of our astonishment and abhorrence. Mandeville challenges our compassion, and no more. His errors arise from an immutable necessity of internal nature, and from much of a constitutional antipathy and suspicion, which soon sprang up into a hatred and contempt and barren misanthropy, which, as it had no root in genius or in virtue, produces no fruit uncongenial with the soil wherein it grew. Those of Falkland arose from a high, though perverted conception of the majesty of human nature, from a powerful sympathy with his species, and from a temper which led him to believe that the very reputation of excellence should walk among mankind, unquestioned and undefiled. So far as it was a defect to link the interest of the tale with any thing inferior to Falkland, so is Mandeville defective. But if the varieties of human character, the depth and the complexity of human motive, those sources of the union of strength and weakness, those useful occasions for pleading in favour of universal kindness and toleration, are just subjects for illustration and developement in a work of fiction, Mandeville yields in interest and importance to none of the productions of the Author. The language is more rich and various, and the expressions more eloquently sweet, without losing that energy and distinctness which characterises *Political Justice* and *Caleb Williams*. The moral speculations have a strength and consistency and boldness which has been less clearly aimed at in his other works of fiction. The pleadings of Henrietta to Mandeville, after his recovery from madness, in favour of virtue and benevolent energy, compose, in every respect, the most perfect and beautiful piece of writing of modern times. It is the genuine doctrine of *Political Justice* presented in one perspicuous and impressive view, and clothed in such enchanting melody of language, as seems, scarcely less than the writings of Plato, to realize those lines of Milton:—

> How charming is divine Philosophy!
> Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
> But musical as is Apollo's lute,

Clifford's talk, too, about wealth, has a beautiful and readily to be disentangled intermixture of truth and error. Clifford is a person, who, without those characteristics which usually constitute the sublime, is sublime from the mere excess of loveliness and innocence. Henrietta's first appearance to Mandeville at Mandeville House is an occurrence resplendent with the sunrise of life; it recalls to the memory many a vision,—or perhaps but one,—which the delirious exhalations of unbaffled hope has invested with a rose-like lustre as of morning, yet, unlike morning, a light, which, once extinguished, never can return. Henrietta seems at first to be all that a susceptible heart imagines in the object of its earliest passion. We scarcely can see her, she is so beautiful. There is a mist of dazzling loveliness which encircles her, and shuts out from the sight all that is mortal in her transcendant charms. But the veil is gradually withdrawn, and she "fades into the light of common day." Her actions and even her sentiments do not correspond with the elevation of her speculative opinions, and the fearless purity which should be and is the accompaniment of truth and virtue. But she has a divided affection, and she is faithful there only where infidelity would have been self-sacrifice. Could the spotless Henrietta have subjected her love for Clifford to the vain and insulting accidents of wealth and reputation, and the babbling of a miserable old woman, and have proceeded unshrinkingly to her nuptial feast from the expostulations of Mandeville's impassioned and pathetic madness? It might be well in the Author to shew the foundations of human hope thus overturned, for his picture would otherwise have been illumined with one gleam of light; it was his skill to enforce the moral, that "all things are vanity;" and that "the house of mourning is better than the house of feasting;" and we are indebted to those who make us feel the instability of our nature, that we may lay the knowledge which is its foundation deep, and make the affections which are its cement strong. But one regrets that Henrietta, who soared far beyond her contemporaries in her opinions, who was so beautiful, that she seemed a spirit among mankind, should act and feel no otherwise than the least exalted of her sex; and still more, that the Author capable of conceiving something so admirable and lovely, should have been withheld, by the tenour of the fiction which he chose, from executing it to its full extent. It almost seems in the original conception of the character of Henrietta, that something was imagined too vast and too uncommon to be realized; and the feeling weighs like disappointment on the mind.

But these, considered with reference to the core of the story, are extrinsical. The events of the tale flow on like the stream of fate, regular and irresistible, and growing at once darker and swifter in their progress;—there is no surprise, there is no shock; we are prepared for the worst from the very opening of the scene, though we wonder whence the author drew the shadows which render the moral darkness every instant more profound, and, at last, so appaling and complete. The interest is awfully deep and rapid. To struggle with it would be gossamere attempting to bear up against the tempest. In this respect it is more powerful than *Caleb Williams*; the interest of *Caleb Williams* being as rapid but not so profound as that of Mandeville. It is a wind which tears up the deepest waters of the ocean of mind. The reader's mind is hurried on, as he approaches the end, with breathless and accelerated impulse. The noun *Smorfia* comes at last, and touches some nerve, which jars the inmost soul, and grates as it were along the blood; and we can scarcely believe that the grin, which must accompany Mandeville to his grave, is not stamped upon our own visage. E. K.

FINE ARTS.

ELEGIAC MEDAL OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

Medal Engraving in its two-fold properties, which it has in common with the other Arts, of delighting the fancy and perpetuating historical and biographical facts, has also, in the immense duration of its material, a peculiar advantage over all the other Arts of imitation; so that numerous Medals of Asia and Greece are extant, that were executed at early periods of the history of those countries, while their celebrated pictures have all perished, except in description, and their statues, with very few ex-

ceptions, have been involved in the same inexorable and regretted destiny, or exist but as mutilated mementos of the fragility of statuary. To this prolonging Art then it is, that we are most indebted for the pleasing idea of conveying to the remotest time the character of a beloved object, the pleasing idea, that those excellencies which excited affection or amusement or admiration, will not be lost to the knowledge of mankind, in common with the great mass of the common-place and even of the estimable among our species. The sensibilities, so felicitously or anxiously excited, will vibrate along the long chord of Time, from the elegant and forcible touches and master-strokes of the Medallist. Such an enduring and precious memorial is the *Medal* just now issued in honour of our lamented *Princess*. It would be a strong recommendation of it were we to say no more, than that, under the direction of Mr. MUDIE, the proprietor of the noble Series of *Military Medals*, now in an advanced progress of publication, it has been engraved by Mr. WEBB on the *Obverse*, and Mr. MILLS on the *Reverse*. But the design and execution of a first-rate Medal, as well as the touching nature of this one in particular, will not allow us to be so brief. Judgment, feeling, and fancy, the three faculties which genuine Art addresses and delights, will not allow it, but would rather prompt us to entrench upon the limited room necessarily allowed for one subject in a weekly paper. The *Obverse* presents a Bust of the Princess: the head is in a three-quarter view, the neck and bosom nearly in front: a crown of flowers and a fillet of ribbon add to the gracefulness of the ringletted hair: a shawl covers the lower part of the bosom, and rises over one shoulder, as if a little raised by the air, with an effect lively and handsome. The delicate firmness of touch, suavity of line, due prominence and retirement of the parts, and efficient dexterity of tool, indisputably rank this among the very best Medallic Busts of the time. We unhesitatingly prefer it to BRENETS' Head of Wellington in Mr. MUDIE's Series, high as that Artist deservedly ranks among the best French Medallists. The outlines meet more agreeably the flat face of the Medal, and the hair has none of the stringy look of BRENETS.' It is indeed a captivating performance; so is the more difficult part of the Medal, the Reverse. We are here right glad to find, that English talent is making quick progress towards the excellence of Foreign Medal Reverses, so exquisitely seen in those by French hands, in the Series before mentioned; for in it Mr. MILLS, young as he is, and young as the Art is in England, has displayed a very praiseworthy precocity of talent. It is the young eagle spreading his vigorous and growing though hitherto briefly-used pinions. The Medallic taste that is now evidently spreading in England, and which Mr. MUDIE's grand work has assisted so materially to advance, will keep them on the expanse, and practice them into the higher regions of his arduous Art. He has already in this work improved the Collection of English Reverses, and in some parts of it equalled the best of foreign ones, in the hair of Britannia, the cloud, the rose tree, the urn, rays, and columns. The design is in some respects new, which is no small praise, considering how beaten the track is of elegiac memorials. Britannia is described sitting disconsolately. She holds a spear, surmounted by a cap of liberty. The lion is crouched beside her. Her helmet is on the ground. Near her is an urn, surmounted by the Princess's coronet, a circumstance at once explanatory and elegant; so is a rose-branch growing near the urn, with the rose snapped off, a natural and poetical emblem, and beautifully accordant with the very appropriate motto on the exergue, partly taken from Shakespeare—*Weep, Britain, thou hast lost "the rose and expectancy of the fair state."* In front of Britannia stands a column. By its side is another broken and fallen down. Over the whole a cloud is passing, obscuring, in its advance, the celestial rays that are represented as proceeding from a rising orb. We have scarcely ever seen so rich a compass of thought and meaning condensed in the small space of a medallic field.

It perhaps may be useful to state, that an English gentleman, recently from France, informs us, that he was told by Count DENON, one of the best of Medallic authorities perhaps in Europe, that the English mode of obtaining the impression from the Die is inferior to the French, deteriorating both the Die and the Medal, owing to the coarse and hurried manner of the workmen.

R. H.

MODERN ARCHITECTURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR,—Mary-le-bone Church, as a work of Art, is so immeasurably below criticism, that I decline (notwithstanding the invitation to Architects from R. H. for remarks upon this abortion) to insult your readers by an opinion upon it, if indeed it be possible to form an opinion on such a thing; nor should I have troubled you with this, but for the opening observations of R. H., with whose sentiments generally I concur.—St. Anne's Soho is a sister deformity, *non facies una nec diversa tamen*. But to the point:—R. H. says, that "the vast superiority of Grecian over modern Architecture is a fact mortifying to the pride of modern genius. The best modern edifices are but imitations of the ancient; and every attempt at designs different from theirs, every variation from their system, and even from their individual forms, has been a deviation into inferiority or error."—If the term modern Architecture is thereby intended as applicable to that School of the Art founded by the immortal PALLADIO, and followed and acted upon by JONES, Lord BURLINGTON, and many others in this country, then I crave permission to differ from R. H., suspecting he has not had the good fortune to see the works of the first named, nor is much acquainted with those of the latter. I hope he will not be startled when I tell him, that the leading forms of Grecian Architecture are totally incompatible with the comforts requisite in this inhospitable climate, not to mention the absurdity of adopting the same plan for the exhibition of pomp and sacrifices, as for the plain unvarnished service of our established religion. If the first purposes of building are to protect us from the weather, then must the general forms of buildings spring from the nature of the climate wherein they are to perform that office. For instance, the flat pediment of the Greeks was sufficiently sloped to carry off the rain and snow of their climate. The Romans gave it a greater inclination, for the best reasons; but travel to Malta, and we shall find the inhabitants keeping their roofs nearly flat. Come northward, and look at the sharp-pointed German roof; or to look at home, the high-pitched covering of the Gothic buildings of this country. I have taken a prominent but by no means solitary example of what I mean by climate regulating architectural forms. Instances may be multiplied to bring the reasoning down to almost the meanest utensil. While touching on this, I beg to add, that neither in point of beauty, and certainly not of construction, do I consider the Gothic edifices of this country, France, and the Netherlands, mortifying specimens to the pride of modern genius, for modern comparatively they certainly are. I am nevertheless quite as great an admirer of Grecian Architecture as R. H. can possibly be, though I think its application in this country, unless with very peculiar modification and great skill on the part of the Architect, highly absurd. Witness Downing College at Cambridge, and the stumpy little portico to the Marquis of STAFFORD's house in Cleveland-row.

To come more precisely to my aim in this letter, I re-

commend (not with humility, but with the same sort of feeling that your Correspondent Mr. HAYDON recommends the study of the Cartoons) a closer acquaintance, on the part of those who call themselves Architects, with the works of PALLADIO, comparing them with the great prototypes which he made subservient to his purposes, and observing how he contrived to amalgamate antique form and detail with the habits of society, and the protection from climate, which *his* country required. This will lead to far more beneficial results than those continued restless attempts at new-fangled forms and ornaments, to which, I regret, the present Professor of Architecture at the Academy led the way, for a herd of silly half-bred Architects, who were too dull to catch even a spark of his intentions, or to feel the self-consistency of his ingenious compositions. Who, with a cultivated mind, has seen the Villa Capra, or the Church del Redentore, without emotions of satisfaction and delight, not inferior to those he has experienced on viewing the most celebrated monuments of antiquity? Can the deviation into inferiority and error be applied to these and numberless other examples? Who, with taste, would not, for the purpose of Christian worship, prefer the latter building to a fac simile even of the Parthenon itself?

I shall finish these remarks, which I fear may be thought long and uninteresting, by calling, through you, the attention of the public to a gross delusion, practised very frequently, to the injury of the professed Architect. There are, Mr. Examiner, Carpenters and Builders, as well in the City of London as elsewhere, who, without an atom of education or the least particle of taste, have realised enormous fortunes, by practising not only as the Architects, but Builders, at the same time, of those who have been foolish enough to intrust them with the expenditure of their money. Who then can be surprised at the senseless masses of brick, stone, and plaister, which almost obstruct our passages through the streets; who but can pity the numbers of neglected, modest men of merit, capable of decorating their country, but too proud to solicit employment? I must however acknowledge, that the class of Builder-Architects is growing out of fashion, for the Merchants, who are generally good accountants, have begun to find out how costly it is for these men to audit their own accounts. I hope shortly to have leisure to trouble you with some observations on the paper doll-houses in Waterloo-place; the Military Club House at the corner of Charles-street will not however fall under that description, for that is quite heavy enough. The new conventicle-looking Custom House I also propose submitting to your consideration.

SCAMOZZI TERTIUS.

London, Nov. 11, 1817.

MR. FUSELI, MR. HAYDON, AND JUDEX.

I really began to think, Sir, that it was all over with your Correspondent *Judex*, and but little expected him to stand up again, after reeling so widely from a right line; but up he is, it seems, and "at his dirty work again;" it may, therefore, be necessary to unravel a little more of his web of sophistry.—Since, the more you lash him, he but *hums* the more, *Judex* shall be to me a Christmas whipping-top, and you shall anon see him go *round*.

He has repeated much of what sensible men had previously said in praise of simplicity, and in explanation—no, not in explanation—in obscure reference, I should have said, to the Painter's science of generalising, as discoverable to the eye of criticism in great works of Art, such as the Cartoon of *Ananias*.

One of his involuntary bad habits, or of his favourite modes of hypocrisy, is, to profess exceeding deference, almost amounting almost to veneration, for those whose principles in Art he would countervail or condemn, or whose practice he would immolate: and afterward, when his betrayal of exposure is manifest, when he is obliged to stand forth confessed, and, like a pig thrown in the water, is compelled to cut his own throat, comes an awkward falling off of the mask, with such an embarrassed apology as that to Mr. HAYDON which stands at the head of his last paragraph.—We shall see what he will in time say to Mr. FUSELI; for just now he is under the malific influence of a Dutch bugbear of his own conjuring up, and in despite of the opinion, ably supported by the reasoning of that learned Professor, he will not believe that the Painter, who in representing what is *present*, throws back the spectators mind reflectively to what is *past*, and (as some few have done) carries it onward to the *future* also, is worthy of admiration. All this, according to *Judex*, till his doctrine takes another reel, would be a degrading departure from the grand style; an abandonment of simplicity; or a "speculation bordering on insanity." He thinks RAPHAEL all the better for not possessing or not exercising this power—that is to say, he fancies RAPHAEL does not possess it, because *Judex* does not see it, and would have him paint, and even, so acute an observer is *Judex*, that he insists upon it RAPHAEL has painted, what never could have had existence in the Apostolic age, or in any age, namely, Christian converts who had never been any thing else; and this reverse of ignorance, this practical bull, he would call poetic simplicity, forsooth! What simpleton-icity, Mr. Examiner, is here!—An abstract idea of a Christian convert! An abstract idea of a fool's head.

If, however, he had not mingled these silly reveries,—these "speculations bordering on insanity,"—with ill-timed sneers, and with misstatements which I wish I could believe were unintentional, I should not have disdained to meet him in a discussion (which on one side at least, should have been liberal and candid) as to those passages in the works of a dramatic Painter, where his good sense should direct him to be more or less general or particular in his representations; for to this, the dispute, as far as it is one, must have come at last, *though Judex* has chosen to paint an inch thick.

I might then, Sir, have listened with some entertainment perhaps, if not edification, to *Judex's* miraculous conception of a painted primitive Christian, who should be neither reformed Pharisee, Scribe, Essene, Sadducee, nor Herodian; or, (to allow him those favourite phrases upon which he is so fond of harping) neither Porter, Woollen-draper, Genteel Jew, nor anything else, who should be perfectly un-costumed, yet not naked, and evidently a Christian in the abstract—a "fabulous and poetical" Christian. I might perchance have learned how a whole group of these anomalous non-descripts, could be pictorially arranged and varied, so that no man should be able to say what any one personage of the group had ever been before his conversion, and that every man who beheld them should exclaim, Aye,—these indeed are poetic thoughts, in all their varieties, or non-varieties of elevated non-entity. Here is the "expansive flight of ideal reason," with a witness,—nay, with a whole crowd of witnesses. But an ounce of the *real* (as the Vicar of Wakefield would say) is worth a pound of the *ideal* reason, with all its expansive flights.—*Expansive flights!* *Mr. Juror?*—Yes, Madam; these words, nonsensical as they are, are correctly cited: "*Expansive flight* of that ideal reason which *comes* to the aid of human knowledge," is the true *sense*, if so we *might* say, of the passage before me—mere poop of words as it may appear.

But in this case, my Lord *Judex* must of necessity have descended from his bench of cloudy exaltation, and his vague "incriptions and devices upon allegoric substances" must have been rendered legible; for really, Mr. Examiner, as you must have perceived, this rapid style of argument is far more fit for the Enigmas of KANT, than applicable to the Cartoon of *Ananias*; or rather, "of all the cants that are canted in this canting world," it is

most germain to that ordinary cant of connoisseurship, which men of common sense are wishing to explode.

But, Sir, before I could condescend to enter into such discussion, or into any further controversy with *him*, after his letter of September 29, I should *know* that my opponent was candidly seeking for truth, and would rest satisfied when he had found it. I should know that he is not an insidious courtly knave disguised in a judicial robe. There must, in his own conduct and style of argument, be somewhat of that purity and simplicity of which he parrots. He must abandon all casuistical affectation of apology "to your readers, for troubling you with a serious exposure of mistakes" which have never been made, and of Dutch inventions which he knows were never imputed. And he must formally renounce such shallow tricks as stating that I said "the man's bonnet had a phylactory *concealed* in it," a piece of nonsense which I never did say or imply in the remotest manner. In short, he must at least shew some regard for the public and for you, Mr. Examiner, if he will not acknowledge more respect for your constant Reader,

JUROR.

Dec. 23, 1817.

FURTHER PARTICULARS of the IMPOSTOR.

The pretended fortunate youth left London, it is said, with letters of credit to more bankers than one on the Continent. He took with him a carriage and two servants in livery; besides a valet at 200*l.* per annum, and a secretary at 500*l.* His imagination, always restless and active, was alive to one thing—associating himself with men of wealth; hence, when the will was drawn up in London, he expressed a wish to have two great goldsmiths as the signing witnesses. Mr. Garrard, the Duke of Wellington's tradesman in that line, was sent for. That gentleman was delighted with the preference shown. He now says, "He might have cleared all the goods out of my shop!" He carried with him to the Continent only 500*l.*, 200*l.* of which he had of his solicitor. A noble Lord (one of the best hands at making a bargain in the kingdom) would believe nothing against him! He actually left the Prince Regent's table to come to town *post*, to ratify and seal; and at what period? Why, not six days ago. This negociation related to the transfer of property exceeding in value 230,000*l.* However, in 24 hours the horses' heads were turned towards the place from whence they came.

Our adventurer, amid all his absurdities, did not display a want of talent. His story of the Sicilian wines, although ill-timed, was not badly told. He fell a sacrifice to his apparent security and inordinate self-conceit. In a drawing-room, at a large party (invited perhaps to exhibit this *favourite of Fortune*), he was taken aside by a gentleman connected with the Court, and they remained in close conversation for some time. "It was an offer of advice," said Mr. Cawston, which I treated in my usual way. I said, "Sir, if you will allow me to remunerate you for your services (I mean your advice), I will accept your tender with thanks."

It now appears that the first object this young *charlatan* had in view, was to entrap a very fine young woman, a resident at Shrewsbury, and possessing an unincumbered estate of 1,500*l.* per annum. Finding his title of the extraordinary legacy fully credited, he then thought it would better suit his ambitious views to exhibit the bequest in the most *dazzling* colours. The name of Mr. Stainstreet, of Liverpool, an eminent solicitor, was quoted on all occasions. It was this gentleman who was present when the iron chest was opened which contained all Mr. Devereux's vast wealth. Unfortunately, a letter arrives in town, addressed to Sir Robert Wilson, from S.'s partner, stating *his belief* that the Fortunate Youth was wholly unknown to Mr. S. But what removed all scepticism, was a letter from Mr. Stainstreet himself, stating that he never was acquainted with any person of the name of Delveneux or Devereux. The public still remained incredulous until Mr. Weatherby's statement appeared, and that has satisfied every body.—*Daily Papers.*

LAW.

MR. EXAMINER,—Adverting to your well-timed quotation out of Mr. Bentham's writings, I beg to ask the following question.

A Cause having been in part heard before one Judge, and postponed because the opposing Counsel did not think proper to appear in Court, is made to stand over, so that it must be heard before another Judge, who has been uniformly the adviser and Counsel of the adverse parties; in which case this Judge will have to decide upon his own pleadings. (N.B. the Cause is in Chancery.) Surely this cannot be correct, especially as Counsel, Judge, and Jury, will all be united in the same person. I am far from meaning to impute any improper feeling to the new Judge:—still human nature is human nature,—*et humanum est errare.* It is enough to be nibbled to death by the slow process of *any* Chancery suit; but to be exposed to the *possible* prepossessions, and perhaps prejudices, of a fellow-creature, who, from the subtlety of his education and long practice, may be able to *rain down snares*, seems incompatible with the genuine spirit of British Jurisprudence.

COMMON SENSE.

LAW.

"As if from a rubbish cart is continually increasing and ever shapeless mass of LAW is from time to time shot down upon the heads of the people; and out of this rubbish, and at his peril, is each man left to pick out what belongs to him. Thus, in pouring forth Law, does the Government, as it is written, *rain down snares.*"—BENTHAM.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

Saturday, Dec. 20.

THE KING *v.* HONE.

After the Attorney-General had addressed the Jury, the publication by defendant was then proved, and the copy of the Common Prayer, kept under seal, was produced; and Mr. Law read the Athanasian Creed from it, and afterwards the parody entitled *The Sinecurist's Creed*, from which the following is an extract:—

"Whosoever will be a Sinecurist, before all things it is necessary that he hold a place of profit.

"Which place, except every Sinecurist do receive the salary for, and do no service, without doubt it is no sinecure.

"And a Sinecurist's duty is this; that he divide with the Ministry, and be with the Ministry in a Majority.

"Neither confounding the persons, nor dividing with the Opposition.

"For there is one Ministry of Old Bags, another of Derry Down Triangle, and another of the Doctor.

"But the Ministry of Old Bags, of Derry Down Triangle, and of the Doctor, is all one; the fatty equal, the profusion coeternal.

"Such as Old Bags is, such is Derry Down Triangle; and such is the Doctor," &c.

Mr. HONE then entered on his defence. He observed, he was now brought to answer to a third charge. It was said, experience made fools wise; but there were some persons whom nothing would make wise. The Attorney-General had thought proper to take this case last; why had he done so? Why, because he considered it as the weakest, and so it was, as he should show. Those who directed the Attorney-General, if they could have been taught by experience, were aware of this, and would, in consequence of the two lessons they had already received, have directed that the proceeding on this information should have been dropped. But he knew why they had not done so. It was their last chance, and though that chance was as remote as one

to 999, or even more remote, yet, as it was the last chance they had for a verdict, they determined to try it. The practice of parodying our most beautiful productions, both in poetry and prose, was of centuries standing. Why, then, was he now dragged forward, and thus persecuted to the last extremity? The filing the present informations was the last act of Sir W. Garrow, as Attorney-General. After having done that act he immediately retired, as if ashamed of the act, which either per force, or of his own choice, he had done. Neither Sir W. Garrow nor his successor had thought proper to prosecute Mr. Canning for his parody. Perhaps they had not done so, because they suspected George Canning would make a good defence. Perhaps they had persecuted W. Hone, because they were persuaded he would be able to make no defence. There was after all no such thing as law of libel. Nothing was libel till a Jury had declared it so. When he was committed, he had been advised to procure a good Counsel to defend his cause. He discovered, however, that all the Bar had a failing—that was, a fear of Lord Ellenborough. If Lord Ellenborough said, "You must not say so, I will not hear it,"—no gentleman at the Bar would dare to oppose him!

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL here interposed, to protest against this declaration on the part of the Bar, and to pray his Lordship's interposition.

Lord ELLENBOROUGH—"This is what the defendant is not authorized to say; neither, perhaps, was he authorized to say nine-tenths that he has said; but you heard how the defendant attacked me, and accused me of interruption. I believe it will be better to let this sort of thing pass over us unheeded."

Mr. HONE resumed, and alluded to the extraordinary circumstance of Mr. Williams, of Portsea, suffering judgment to go by default. The man was what was called a loyal man, and was perhaps advised, from a certain quarter, to do what he did.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL—"If it be insinuated that he had such advice from me directly or indirectly, the insinuation is wholly false."

The DEFENDANT did not wish to insinuate any such thing; but Williams was what was called a *loyal* man, and he was of opinion that if the Jury should this day convict him, Williams would not long continue in prison. The defendant then alluded to a gross misrepresentation of his character in *Dr. Slop's* (Stoddart's) Morning Paper. The misrepresentation was infamous—the Doctor charged him with publishing obscenity; this was wholly and utterly false; and for the falsehood he here proclaimed this *Dr. Slop* to be a villain and a slanderer, and such he would always and every where proclaim him.

Lord ELLENBOROUGH—Do not use such expressions.—You say you have got through life free from private and acrimonious bickering—do not say that now which may hereafter provoke it.

Mr. HONE continued his defence, and proceeded to produce and comment on, as in his preceding speeches, numerous parodies, and contended that, if he was a subject for prosecution, the author of those parodies, some of whom were still living, ought to be prosecuted, or the Attorney-General would be guilty of a departure from his duty to the public, whose servant he had repeatedly declared himself.

Lord ELLENBOROUGH—All these publications were subjects of prosecution, and liable to the same objections as your publication is.

The DEFENDANT—True, they were prosecutable; all things were prosecutable; he was aware of that; but no one ever had been prosecuted during the long administration of Mr. Pitt, nor had he heard of such prosecution before that time. Where had the Secretary of State for the Home Department slept during all this period? Was Lord Sidmouth the only Noble Lord who, holding that situation, had a proper sense of his religious duty? And was he, William Hone, the first parodist who had deserved prosecution? He would now put a question to his Majesty's Attorney-General—Was Blasphemy worse than Atheism? The Attorney-General must know that there are some atheistical publications, and those coming from very high quarters.—He then proceeded to read the alleged libel, paragraph by paragraph, and commented on it as he proceeded, contending, that it must be apparent to *every one*, that it was intended as a political composition, the object of which was to raise a laugh against certain individuals, and not to ridicule or bring the Athanasian Creed into contempt. If the Jury should come to that opinion, as he was persuaded they must, then they must acquit him. He concluded by observing, that this was his last throw. The two former Juries had enabled him to win twice, and he trusted the verdict of the Jury this night would be his trump, and enable him to win a third time.—With respect to the Athanasian Creed, it had been said by many learned men that this was not Athanasius's Creed, but that it was itself a parody; and Archbishop Tillotson, on one occasion, exclaimed, "I wish we were well rid of it;" and, in recent days, upwards of 200 Clergymen met, and solicited the late Dr. Porteus, Bishop of London, to take some steps to put an end to the obligation at present imposed on them to read it. Even his Lordship's father, the Bishop of Carlisle, he believed, took a similar view of this Creed.

Lord ELLENBOROUGH—I do not know what his opinion was on this point; you, perhaps, have had better opportunities of knowing his belief. Whatever that opinion was, he is gone many years ago where he has to account for his belief and his opinions.

Mr. HONE was about to make some particular reference to the Bishop's opinions, when

Lord ELLENBOROUGH said—"For common delicacy forbear."

Mr. HONE—O, my Lord, I shall most certainly.

The defendant concluded a speech of upwards of eight hours, by declaring, in what he had urged to-day he had intended no offence or disrespect to his Lordship, or any other individual, and throwing himself entirely on the candour and justice of the Jury.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL entered on his reply; but a considerable noise was soon heard in the Hall, and shortly after the *Marshal* entered, having a Gentleman in custody. The Marshal stated, that on the steps leading out of the Hall, this Gentleman had been for some time disputing the power of the Officers to keep people from passing up to crowd into the Court. The *Gentleman* in custody denied that he had called in question his Lordship's authority; he had only objected to the rough course taken by the Officers.

Lord ELLENBOROUGH—"Bring him before me at the end of the trial."

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL resumed. It was impossible to look at this publication, particularly at the two last paragraphs of it, without being satisfied of its tendency to turn into ridicule some of the sacred parts of Christian belief. "But said Mr. Hone, I did not intend it to have this effect." His intentions could only be taken by his acts; and for these he must be answerable. The Learned Counsel concluded by making an appeal to the Jury to protect the sacred character of the Christian religion, and to secure the perpetuity of its rites.

Lord ELLENBOROUGH then charged the Jury. The defendant seemed under a delusion, when he supposed that parodies were exempted from prosecution for libel. He was wrong in that; for there had been several prosecutions for offences committed in that shape. The defendant was also in error, when he assumed that there was no law of libel known to the Constitution; on the contrary, it was of ancient standing, and what was called Mr. Fox's Bill was merely declaratory of this law, and regulative of the mode of trial. The Bill removed what was no doubt a grievance, namely, the powers of the Jury being restricted to the mere fact of the publication. In vain would Mr. Hone defend his Act by a reference to the commission of other offences by other men; it was a perversion of understanding to say that an unpunished crime became stripped of the essence of its criminality, and became a precedent for other offences. The defendant had alluded to what he called the subserviency of the Bar. He was right in supposing that no Gentleman of the Bar would have pursued the course he had taken to-day, and libelled and calumniated the enacted provisions of the law. But the Jury were not to take the calumnies this day uttered by the man as against him into their present considerations these must stand by themselves. The Learned Judge concluded by giving it as his solemn opinion, that the publication of the defendant was a profane and impious libel.

At 20 minutes after eight o'clock the Jury retired to consider their verdict.

The Gentleman who was taken into custody by the Marshal, was then brought into Court. He said his name was George Wetherall. The Marshal stated, that this Gentleman insisted on his right to enter the Court, and resisted the authority of the Officers, who interposed to prevent him. In consequence of the disturbance which he created, the Marshal thought it proper to bring him before his Lordship.

J. Burnbey, and three other constables, corroborated the Marshal's evidence; and Burnbey said, that the prisoner pushed him down, and with some other persons then walked over him.

Mr. Wetherall denied that he had assaulted the Constables. He said he was a Gentleman, and not engaged in any profession or business. He admitted that he had asserted his right to enter a Court of Justice; but denied that he had accompanied this assertion with any violence towards the Marshal or the Constables.

except the natural resistance which any man would make at being roughly handled, and taken into custody for no offence.

Mr. Marsh and another Gentleman deposed, that Mr. Wetherall used no violence, and that the Constable who stated that he was knocked down and assaulted, must have been pushed down by the pressure of the crowd, and the confusion which took place when this Gentleman was taken into custody.

The Constables being again called in, swore positively that Mr. Wetherall pushed down Burnbey.

Lord ELLENBOROUGH lamented that a Gentleman of education should have been guilty of so serious an offence, as that of interrupting Officers in the discharge of their duty, and particularly of such a duty as preserving good order and decorum during the proceedings of a Court of Justice. He was therefore under the necessity of sentencing him to pay a fine of 20*l.*

At twelve minutes before nine o'clock, the Jury returned into Court, and pronounced a verdict of—*Not Guilty.*

This verdict was received with loud shouts in Court, which were re-echoed for several minutes in the Hall.—The Judge, the Sheriffs, and Constables, in vain, tried to silence this ebullition of popular feeling.

Lord ELLENBOROUGH then informed the Attorney-General that the nature of the public business, and also some consideration for his own health, required that the other causes of a general nature on the list, should be put in a course of hearing. Mr. Justice Abbott, he said, would sit for that purpose on Monday next; and he would resume his sitting on Tuesday and Wednesday. Let the other cases for libel stand over for the present, and the parties remain at large on their own recognizances.

The parties alluded to are Mr. Carlisle, against whom there are four informations for parodies, and Mr. Wooler, who is to be tried again for the imputed libel on which he has been already before the Court of King's Bench.

Soon after the trial was concluded, Mr. Hone left the Court unobserved by the people who waited to cheer him; and repaired to the Baptist's Head Coffee-house, where he was met by Messrs. Wardman, Wooler, Pearson, and others, in whose company he spent the evening; in the course of which, it was resolved to raise a subscription for Mr. Hone.

POLICE.

WORSHIP-STREET.

On Tuesday, one of the Overseers of St. Luke's was summoned for refusing to relieve a pauper. The pauper and his wife said they lived in an unfurnished garret, for which they paid 2*s.* 6*d.* per week. They had neither bed nor bed-clothes; but laid upon the the bare boards, and they had disposed even of their wearing-apparel (except a few trifling rags, through which their skins appeared) to get a subsistence. When they applied for relief, they had been without food for several days; and after considerable reluctance, they were paid 1*s.* on Friday. On Sunday and Monday they were completely starving, lying upon the floor, without even a fire. The person who attended on the part of the parish even then refused to relieve them, alledging that they were able to work.—The Magistrate told him it was his duty to compel him, as it was a case of extreme distress. Many unfortunate persons, he said, had died in the street from want, in consequence of the obstinacy of Parish Officers. It was a well-known fact, that thousands, who were able and willing to work, could not obtain it; but they must not perish.—The applicants were ordered immediate relief.

ACCIDENTS, OFFENCES, &c.

On Monday an Inquest was held in Pittfield-street, Old-street-road, on the body of *Mr. Dempson*, silversmith, of Charles-street, who shot himself through the head on Thursday evening. It appeared that the deceased had shewn repeated symptoms of derangement, and about a fortnight since was taken out of the New River, into which he had plunged with intent to drown himself, being the third attempt of the kind. The Jury, in consequence, returned a verdict—Insanity.

An Inquisition was taken on Wednesday, in Bread-street, on the body of *Thos. Cross*, a pauper in St. James's workhouse.—C. Ramshire deposed, that the deceased was 55 years of age. He had lately been unwell, but he objected to go into the hospital ward; he had no surgical assistance. On Tuesday morning the deceased and himself were going from a house in Marshall-street, (where they slept, the workhouse being full), towards the workhouse. The deceased said he was very thirsty, and they went and took a pint of beer. When they got up to go, the deceased reeled and fell on the ground, and appeared dying. Witness ran and got the chair, and helped to carry the deceased to the workhouse; when he arrived he was quite senseless; he was warm, but appeared dead. *He was conveyed immediately to the dead-house!* No medical aid was sent for, but he was undressed, washed, and laid out, as soon as he was took to the dead-house.—Coroner—"I think, Gentlemen, that the master of the workhouse ought to be examined; for if the deceased was, when quite warm (possibly before life was quite extinct) carried into the dead-house, and there left without surgical assistance, such conduct ought not to go unnoticed. I cannot believe that the master of the workhouse is acquainted with such a proceeding."—Mr. Horwood, master of the workhouse, was asked several questions; he denied all knowledge of the conduct of the servants in the workhouse towards the deceased, and said that such a circumstance should not again occur.—Mr. T. Allcock, surgeon, said, he viewed the body of the deceased after he was laid out in the dead-house; he appeared to have been dead but a short time; there were no external marks of violence.—The Jury and Coroner hoped that medical aid would in future be procured when paupers were taken ill; and returned a verdict of—Died a natural death, by the visitation of God.

A short time since, the dwelling-house of Mr. Tanner, called Alpha Cottage, in the Regent's Park, was broken open and robbed of several articles of plate and other property. On Tuesday week the house was again attacked, by a person endeavouring to enter the house by a picklock key, to open the street door, which alarmed the female servant, Elizabeth Beaxley, a girl, between 18 and 19 years of age, who went up stairs and looked out of a window, and saw a man at the door; and being armed with a pocket pistol she boldly discharged it at him, and saw the man run away; but still suspecting that he had not left the premises, and that he had concealed himself in a tool-house at the bottom of the garden, she asked Miss Tanner if she had any objection to her bring off a loaded fowling piece which was in the house; and Miss Tanner not objecting, she in the most undaunted manner took an aim at the tool-house and discharged the fowling-piece, heard the shot rattle at the tool-house, and saw the man run off, but whether he was wounded or not she did not ascertain.

MARRIAGES.

Dec. 15, W. Yeates, Esq. of Thorley, to Miss E. Watkins, of Kensington.

Dec. 18, Captain J. A. Jones, formerly of the 39th regiment, to Annabella, only daughter of the late W. J. W. Taylor, Esq. of Bath.

Dec. 20, Robert Hicks, Esq. of Hoddesdon, to Julia, only daughter of S. Platt, Esq. of Keppel-street, Russell-square.

DEATHS.

Dec. 10, at Bays Hill, Cheltenham, Miss Louisa Gomm, only daughter of the late Col. Gomm.

Dec. 22, Mr. Wm. Cruse, many years Assistant Register in the Newspaper Office, Stamp Office.

Dec. 11, aged 102, in full possession of her faculties, Mrs. Sarah Foster of Coats, near Whittlesea, who, till the last three months of her life, enjoyed most excellent health.

Dec. 15, in Edward-street, Bath, aged 27, suddenly, the Rev. F. D. Grose, only child of the late Lieut.-General Grose.

Dec. 21, at the Old College, Hoxton, the Rev. Robert Simpson, D.D. many years Resident and Theological Tutor in that Institution.

Dec. 22, aged 79, John Allen, Esq. Greenwich.

Dec. 23, at Clapton, after a painful illness of four years, Caroline Susannah, only daughter of J. J. Appack, Esq.

Dec. 25, at Lower Belgrave-place, Pimlico, after a severe illness, in the 63d year of his age, Mr. Robert Palmer, Father of the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane.

On the 25th instant, of the hooping cough, at Friaran Farm Lodge, Peckham, Eugenia, youngest daughter of Mr. Edward Joyce, Cottage, Kent-road, aged three years.

On the 24th instant, Mr. Robert Gillam, Secretary to the Society for the Poor and the British Institution.

On the 3d November, at Jamaica, Frederick Richard, eldest son of the late Robert Skelton, Esq. of Chester-place, Kennington.

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